MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
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DARK REIGN™
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HAWKEYE®
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Bullseye was the world's deadliest assassin, a man capable of turning any object into a lethal weapon. His unhealthy obsession with the hero Daredevil led him to perform increasingly sociopathic acts of violence--most of which ended with Bullseye broken, beaten, or behind bars. After a year as a member of the Thunderbolts, Bullseye was offered the chance of a lifetime by Norman Osborn, the newly-elected director of H.A.M.M.E.R., America's peace-keeping task force...

In exchange for a life of leisure and riches, Bullseye would join Osborn's new Avengers. The catch: the assassin has to don the mask and identity of Hawkeye, the wisecracking archer. Joining other similarly disguised super-villains, "Hawkeye" and his teammates would become the means by which Osborn controlled America. And their new employer has but one rule: these killers must act like heroes. Or else.

Osborn claims he's tired of cleaning up after Hawkeye's killer outbursts...but that's not stopping him from utilizing the "hero's" talents for his own purposes. The mission: exterminate a terrorist cell called the P.T.S.F. Hawkeye's happy to help, but nothing in Norman's brief covered the litter of corpses carved with cross hairs—his old trademark—that line the cell's HQ...or the familiar face he finds responsible for the bloodbath!

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P.T.S.F. TERROR CELL H.Q.
15 FLOORS UP...
TWANG
SHUNK

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, LESTER.
WHUMP

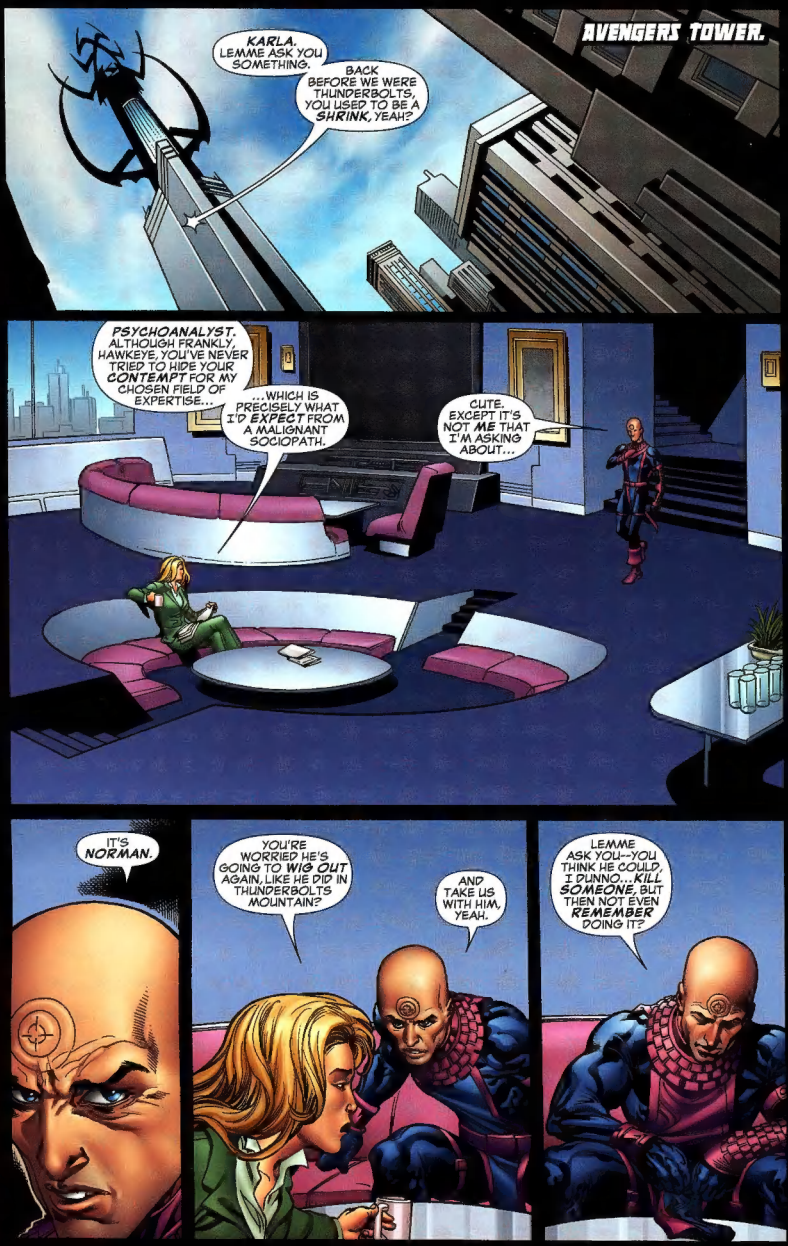
THOK
A-HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HAH!

AAAAH!
AVENGERS TOWER.
NGH.
JUST A NIGHTMARE.
SURE. YOU JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT.
COME BACK HERE!
COME BACK AND FACE ME, YOU COWARD!

COMPUTER. WAS THERE...WAS THERE SOMEONE ELSE IN MY ROOM JUST NOW?
NEGATIVE. YOU ARE ALONE.
HAVE WE HAD INTRUDERS? ANY SIGN OF A BREAK-IN?
NEGATIVE. AVENGERS TOWER SECURITY SYSTEMS ARE NORMAL.
HAWKEYE.
HAWKEYE!
...NORMAN?
WHO ELSE WOULD IT BE?
SUIT UP. WE HAVE A SITUATION.

LENNOX HOTEL.
YOU DID WELL LAST NIGHT, HAWKEYE.
H.A.M.M.E.R. TELLS ME THERE WASN'T A P.T.S.F. AGENT LEFT STANDING AT THE SAFEHOUSE...
...AND GIVEN THAT SUCCESS, I'M CHOOSING TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT RIGHT NOW.
BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT? ABOUT WHAT?
I'M GOING TO ASK YOU THIS ONCE. AND BEFORE YOU ANSWER, I WANT YOU TO THINK VERY HARD ABOUT THE POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES OF LYING TO ME...
...DID YOU KILL THIS MAN?

I...I DON'T...
NO. I DIDN'T KILL HIM. I'D...I'D REMEMBER.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE?
WHO IS HE?
SENATOR IRVING GRAY. CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE.
SOMEBODY OPENED HIS THROAT WITH A BROKEN WINE GLASS AND CARVED CROSSHAIRS INTO HIS FOREHEAD.
NOW WHO MIGHT DO A THING LIKE THAT, I WONDER...?
DON'T LOOK AT ME. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO PUT BULLSEYE'S NAME OUT THERE AT A PUBLIC PRESS CONFERENCE...
THIS WAS PROBABLY THE WORK OF AN AVID FAN.


AVENGERS TOWER.
KARLA. LEMME ASK YOU SOMETHING.
BACK BEFORE WE WERE THUNDERBOLTS, YOU USED TO BE A SHRINK, YEAH?
PSYCHOANALYST. ALTHOUGH FRANKLY, HAWKEYE, YOU'VE NEVER TRIED TO HIDE YOUR CONTEMPT FOR MY CHOSEN FIELD OF EXPERTISE...
...WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT I'D EXPECT FROM A MALIGNANT SOCIOPATH.
CUTE. EXCEPT IT'S NOT ME THAT I'M ASKING ABOUT...
IT'S NORMAN.
YOU'RE WORRIED HE'S GOING TO WIG OUT AGAIN, LIKE HE DID IN THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN?
AND TAKE US WITH HIM, YEAH.
LEMME ASK YOU--YOU THINK HE COULD, I DUNNO... KILL SOMEONE, BUT THEN NOT EVEN REMEMBER DOING IT?

THE GOBLIN IS AN ENTIRELY SEPARATE DISSOCIATIVE PERSONA, LAYERED DEEP WITHIN NORMAN'S OWN PSYCHE.
I'D SAY IT'S ENTIRELY POSSIBLE THEY DON'T SHARE EACH OTHER'S MEMORIES. NOT WITH ANY GREAT DEGREE OF CLARITY, AT LEAST.
BUT WHAT IF WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT THE GOBLIN HERE, BUT NORMAN HIMSELF...?
TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT SURE THAT NORMAN WOULD WANT US TO BE HAVING THIS DISCUSSION, HAWKEYE...
BUT HE'S, LIKE, TEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF CRAZY, RIGHT? WHAT IF HE STARTED... SEEING HIMSELF? HEARING HIS OWN VOICE?
IS THERE, LIKE, SOME PILLS YOU CAN TAKE FOR THAT OR SOMETHING?
THIS IS STILL NORMAN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, RIGHT?
WELL WHO THE HELL ELSE WOULD IT BE?

CENTRAL PARK.
BOOP
BOOP
IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A PRACTICAL JOKE? TWO HOURS I'VE SAT HERE WAITING...
I KNOW. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, URICH.
I HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T FOLLOWED.
LISTEN, IF YOU HAVE A STORY FOR ME, CUT THE MYSTERY MAN CRAP AND JUST TELL ME STRAIGHT.
UNTIL THEN, STOP WASTING MY TIME!
YOU ALREADY HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE GIVEN ME NOTHING BUT RUMORS AND INNUENDO-
LOOK BENEATH YOU.
WHAT THE HELL...?
P.T.S.F.
START DIGGING.
CLICK

FRONT LINE NEWSPAPER.
EDITORIAL OFFICE.
ROBBIE, I'M ONTO SOMETHING HERE. YOU EVER HEARD OF IRVING GRAY?
THE SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE? SURE, HE RUNS THAT JOINT INTELLIGENCE THING, RIGHT?
HE DID UNTIL THIS MORNING--WHEN HE WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOTEL ROOM.
THAT'S THE OFFICIAL LINE FROM H.A.M.M.E.R.
HUH. NATURAL CAUSES?
UNOFFICIALLY? THE CONCIERGE WHO FOUND THE BODY TOLD ME HE HAD A TARGET SYMBOL CUT INTO HIS FOREHEAD.
BULLSEYE AGAIN...
...SO THAT MASSACRE IN THE PARKING LOT, THE CHOPPER CRASH--YOU THINK THEY'RE CONNECTED TO THIS?
IT GETS BETTER. IF BY BETTER, YOU MEAN WORSE.
BEFORE HE WAS A SENATOR, GRAY OVERSAW AN N.S.A. BLACK OPS OUTFIT IN CENTRAL AMERICA. VOTE-RIGGING, DESTABILIZATION, POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS...
...AND GUESS WHO THEIR NUMBER ONE OPERATIVE WAS?
I JUST KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SAY BULLSEYE.

SO YOU THINK BULLSEYE MURDERED HIS OLD BOSS?
MAYBE. MAYBE GRAY WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW BULLSEYE'S REAL IDENTITY. POSSIBLE MOTIVE THERE...
...OR MAYBE GRAY TRIED TO RUB OUT BULLSEYE BECAUSE HE KNOWS TOO MUCH, AND BULLSEYE GOT HIS RETALIATION IN FIRST.
I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S PRETTY THIN.
P.T.S.F.
ANOREXIC. IT'S ALL CIRCUMSTANTIAL. WE DON'T HAVE A SINGLE EYEWITNESS CONFIRMING THAT BULLSEYE'S EVEN IN NEW YORK...
...BUT THEN THERE'S THIS.
"P.T.S.F."?
"PEACE THROUGH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER." THEY WERE A LOW-RENT TECHNO-ANARCHIST TERROR CELL...
NO ONE COULD EVER FIGURE OUT HOW THEY WERE GETTING THEIR HANDS ON DECOMMISSIONED S.H.I.E.L.D. HARDWARE. BUT THEN THEY WENT QUIET AND THE AUTHORITIES FIGURED THEY'D CALLED IT A DAY.
UNTIL NOW.

S.H.I.E.L.D. HARDWARE. THAT ROGUE HULK-BUSTER ATTACK--
--AT THE FEDERAL RESERVE, RIGHT.
THE P.T.S.F.'S BACK IN TOWN. AND HERE'S THE KICKER. ACCORDING TO THESE LEAKED FILES...
P.T.S.F.
...THE P.T.S.F. WAS AN N.S.A. FRONT ORGANIZATION.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME.
THE P.T.S.F. TERROR CELL WAS AN N.S.A. SOCK PUPPET. A FREAK MAGNET THEY COULD USE TO WORM THEIR WAY CLOSER TO THE REAL BAD GUYS LIKE A.I.M. AND HYDRA.
AND GUESS WHO APPROVED THE CREATION?
IRVING GRAY. JEEZ...
...SO NOW HIS FAKE TERROR CELL IS RUNNING AMOK IN NEW YORK, AND HIS OWN FORMER HITMAN TAKES HIM OUT.
THE QUESTION IS, WHY?
I DON'T KNOW.
BUT YOU BETTER BELIEVE I'M GOING TO FIND OUT.

Do not exceed stated dose.
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

ANYTHING INTERESTING?
NOTHING. IT'S NOTHING.
I MEAN THE COSTUME. ARE YOU GOING FOR A NEW LOOK?
WAIT-- YOU CAN SEE THIS?
UM... YES?
WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
THE BOX? I BROUGHT IT UP MYSELF.
I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK THE SERVICE PERSONNEL SEEING YOU UNMASKED--
WHERE DID IT COME FROM?!

IT--IT WAS DELIVERED TO RECEPTION THIS MORNING ALONG WITH THE FAN MAIL..
H.A.M.M.E.R. SCANNED IT AND DECLARED IT SAFE...
...IS THERE A PROBLEM?
UH, NORMAN? IT'S VICTORIA, I THINK WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH HAWKEYE...

I'M TAKING THE QUINJET.
SURE THING, SIR. JUST LET ME GET THE PROPER AUTHORIZATION--
HKK
WHERE ARE YOU?!
NOT GONNA GIVE ME THE SLIP AGAIN. YOU'RE REAL, I SAW YOU WITH MY OWN EYES...
YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE, LESTER...
...YOU CAN'T KILL WHAT'S INSIDE OF YOU...
SSSCHWOOOMM
...BUT I CAN KILL YOU!

WARNING! MISSILE LOCK!
DEPLOYING COUNTERMEASURES!
SCREW THE COUNTERMEASURES! JUST BACK-TRACE ITS FLIGHT PATH TO THE POINT OF ORIGIN!
LAUNCH POINT CALCULATED.
UPLOADING COORDINATES TO NAV SYSTEM.
HEH, HEH...
AW, NUTS.
I THINK THIS BELONGS TO YOU!

KABOOM
LET'S SEE YOU WALK OUT OF THAT ONE.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, SONNY...
...BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!
WHOK
RRAARRGH!

SMASH
WHUMMP
THANKS FOR CUSHIONING MY LANDING. I GUESS THAT ADAMANTIUM-LACED SKELETON OF OURS HAS ITS USES...
"OURS"? YOU'RE NOT ME...
OH YEAH? AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?

'CAUSE I NEVER MISS!
AAAAAAH-!
AAH! AAH! AAH!
SON OF A--
BE THANKFUL I WASN'T AIMING FOR YOUR CAROTID ARTERY. BUT I NEED YOU ALIVE TO GIMME SOME ANSWERS.
SO TELL ME...
...WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY?
CRAZIER.

CRAZIER.
CRAZIER.
CRAZIER.
CRAZIER.
CRAZIER.
THAT'S HOW YOU WANNA PLAY IT?
COME ON THEN...
WHO'S FIRST?
NEXT ISSUE:
PEACE THROUGH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER!